

continued from 1st. page.  
in our distress, as their dear-ly beloved farmers dying, as their miners and mill opera-tives die, of want, they will still give us this taffy. And why? Because we vote. They treat their own laborers rough because they know there are so few of them it can make no difference. But if we farmers were to get up in our wrath, we would make short work of them at the polls. I don't know whether this will ever occur, for we are ignorant and stupid, pre-fering the right honorable protectionists' taffy to com-mon-sense.

Let our agriculturists once comprehend the true work-ing of this protective system and its reign will be short. Let us look at it. I have a few hogs, a bunch of sheep, some corn, and more wheat. How I have ploughed, plant-ed, fattened, and cured for these tells a story of hard la-bor and exposure scarcely known to any other pursuit. Now, why have I thus toiled through the year? Certain-ly from no philanthropic or patriotic motive. I have done so simply to secure a market; no more, no less. Does this paternal govern-ment sympathize with me? Not much! Congress is in session the larger part of the year. Does congress do any-thing for the farmer? Again, not much! Sometimes a member makes a speech in which he bespatters us with flattery. And every year the President sends in a mes-sage in which he speaks of farming being the great un-derlying prosperity of the land. Do any of them con-cern themselves about our markets? Again I say, not much! And yet the most in-fluential committee of the House, that of the Ways and Means, sits in almost per-petual session to hear, con-sider, and devise how the mi-ning and manufacturing in-terests are to secure a profit therefor through law of Con-gress, instead of leaving these interests to the trade law of supply and demand. If a delegation of farmers were to go before that committee and say, "We are losing, not money, but our labor, and we cannot live on the prices of this market of your mak-ing," the delegation would be told that the great Amer-ican system of protection was devoted to fostering mining and manufacturing industries, and when that was done the farmers would reap a consequential good which the committee hoped they would be patriotic enough to accept. And when the door closed on the dis-gusted delegation, a roar of laughter would go up over the "hay-seeders."

Now, let us see how the in-fernal system works as to the farmer? His market is a foreign one. All the sur-plus that is over the home demand goes to Europe, where our Congress has no jurisdiction, and where the price is fixed, not only for what is sold there, but for all that is sold at home. This is free trade. He is free to sell, without tax or charge wherever he finds a demand. And in this market he comes in contact with the lowest form of pauper labor know to the world. How is it when he comes to buy? It is pro-tection. Every article of clothing, every material that

goes to give him a shelter, all that is necessary to carry on his work, is increased, as to price, to twice or thrice its value. He then BUYS UN-DER PROTECTION AND SELLS UNDER FREE TRADE.

Small wonder the poor man stands aghast in the midst of his overtilled fields, and sees the very ground slipping from beneath him, as, year by year, this fear-ful abuse goes on. To meet his loans he borrows money on mortgage, in the vain hope that the next season's crop may prove more pros-perous, pay him out, and save his poor home and few acres to his family. That season never comes. I read a story once of a man con-fined to solitary imprison-ment in a round tower in which was a circle of win-dows. The victim woke ev-ery morning to the fact that his prison grew smaller by the disappearance of a win-dow, till, at last, the mys-terious walls of death closed in on him. This is the far-mer; and the poor fellow can-not understand the awful system that slowly but sure-ly contracts about him with its worse than death; for it is perpetual servitude to his children's children. wrought out by a government that was built above him by the patriotic fathers for the sole purpose of affording him and his equal rights under the law.

I am writing this as any other old man would who suffers in himself a public wrong, while I know there are thousands of abler pens engaged in exposing the crime. If found worthy of publication, I hope you will correct the sentences so as to make them readable, for my stiff fingers and dull heard are not accustomed to this sort of work.

My main purpose, however, is to explain and, as far as I can, set myself right in refer-ence to an unpleasant transaction that lately took place at our village. Our member of Congress came home from Washington the other day, and a meeting was called at Noodletoozy; our nearest village, to hear him tell about the protective tariff, and the attempt of Democratic free-traders to fetch about its destruction. I was fool enough to attend that meeting. I ought to have kept at home. I went, and I took a back seat. Now, before the war I was a Hen-ry Clay Whig. In the war I sent my sons to the field, and gave to the cause not only my taxes but all the dona-tion I could get from the farm. I am a Methodist class leader, and a man of peace. It has been custom-ary to regard me as a Repub-lican leader of our township, and when a meeting is held I am called to preside. We had the town-hall full, and soon it was moved for me to take the chair. I got up and declined. I said I did not feel well, and might be forced to leave before the meeting was over. This was strictly true; I was sick of protection and expected to be made sicker by hearing the Hon. Lyeurgus Leatherlungs pour out his lying trash. I was excused, and Esq. Jones took the place.

The Hon. Lyeurgus took the stand, and opened his cheeks in the centre with the old, old gush of the grandeur

and achievements of the Re-publican party. I could stand this, for I was used to it. But when he got on the prosperity of our country, and said it was all owing to a protective tariff, I got as uneasy as if I was sitting on nettles. At last, when he said that the protective tar-iff lowered the price of goods, and appealed to the Demo-crats present—and there were several on hand, for Noodletoozy is a large-beer saloon of three hundred in-habitants, and of course Democrats abound—I say, when he made this appeal, I got up like an old fool and asked if I might put a ques-tion.

The Hon. Lyeurgus looked surprised, as all at the meet-ing did, but he said, "Oh, certainly! we're always de-lighted to hear from the Nes-tor of Washington Town-ship."

"Well," I said, very sar-castic, "the Nestor wants you to explain, if a protective tariff lowers prices, what's the good of a protective tar-iff?"

"Certainly!" cried the M. C.; "nothing easier. You see, before a protective tariff is enacted, the foreign manu-facturers have a monopoly, and they put prices up to what they please. Under the fostering care of a protective tariff this is stopped, home industries thrive, and com-petition brings down prices."

There was thundering ap-plause among the fools at this; but I wasn't to be put down in that way, so I went on: "Very good, very good indeed; but if that is the end of protection, why not have it the beginning? Why put up prices on us, only to pull things down again?"

"No, indeed," he replied; "for our great object is to foster American labor, and not capital. Under our sys-tem wages of labor go up steadily."

There was another round of applause. It made me mad as a hornet, and I said, "Hold on, hold on, there. I know, and I believe you know that the worst-paid labor in the country is protected la-bor. Why, look into the Hocking Valley, here, right under your nose, and see mi-ners worked like mules and paid scarcely enough to keep their wretched bodies. They're worse off than nigger slaves before the war."

By this time the Democrats present began to get the bearing of our discourse, and they gave me a thundering round of applause, Pete Slo-um shouting, "Go it, old Sol!" "Hit 'im again!" "We'll stand by ye!" The Republi-cans began to hiss, and all the Democrats hanging round White's corner came crowd-ing in. I saw there were go-ing to be a disturbance, and as a class-leader and a law-abiding citizen I felt disposed to back out; but just then the Hon. Lyeurgus spoke.

"It pains me," he said, "to see our venerable friend lend-ing himself to this rabble of unpatriotic people, willing to sacrifice American labor to British interests. Is he pre-pared to have these British products?"

"Yes he is!" I shouted. "Let 'em pour. If I can get cheap clothes for my children, and cheap blankets to cover them, I say, let 'em pour, I am as patriotic as any man; but if that means putting rags on the backs of my lit-tle ones, and taking food out of their hungry mouths, and

making slaves of us all, I am not that sort of a patriot. Let 'em pour, Lyeurgus; let 'em pour. They can waken me at midnight with their pouring in of cheap things and I won't be offended."

At this the Democrats fairly yelled, while they applauded with hands, feet, and sticks. They shouted, "Let 'em pour, Lyeurgus; let 'em pour." The Republicans were all up on their feet. Some shouted, "Put him out." "Put him out," meaning the undersig-ned. But Lyeurgus waved his hand, and, as soon as he could be heard, said, "No; permit the unhappy old man to remain. We want him as an example. He is a member of the infamous Cobden Club, that is using its gold to break down our great American system."

I could not stand this, so I shouted back, "Lyeurgus Leatherlungs, if you say I am a member of the Cobden Club, or any other club, you are an infernal liar."

The tumult that followed defies description.—*State-Chronicle.*

#### LETTER FROM EX-GOVERNOR THOS. J. JARVIS.

Some Important and Good Advice.

Charlotte Democrat.

Rio Janfiro, Brazil.

July 9th. 1888.

W. J. Yates, Esq.

My Dear Friend: I receiv-ed a number of State papers, three days ago, and from them I learned of the action of the great convention of the Democratic party which met in Raleigh on the 30th of May last. While some may have preferred another ticket, it seems to me that all must admit that the one selected is worthy of the cor-dial support of any lover of good government, and that it ought to be elected by an immense majority. I cannot see how any man calling him-self a Democrat can be lukewarm and laggard in his support of it, but I can see how many who have heretofore called themselves Re-publicans can vote for it on the day of election, and I confidently believe some will do it. If I could fix Judge Fowle's majority I would make it more than four times what mine was; and I trust every friend of mine, who worked for me in 1880, will work much more earnestly for him.

I am so situated that I cannot be present in person to take part in Judge Fowle's campaign, but I shall be with him in spirit, and I will be under renewed obligations to my personal friends to devote themselves especially to look-ing after the township organ-izations. I am a great be-liever in the valuable work of the precinct committees. Much speaking, good speak-ing, are valuable factors in a campaign; enthusiasm is a good thing, and the more of it the better; but, after all, it is the vote that is put into the ballot box that elects the candidate, and the cam-paign which does not look well to the machinery for getting the voters to the polls, and their votes into the box, is not well conduc-ted. It is therefore all impor-tant that *precinct* part of the party organization be well attended to; and I will request you, when you hap-pen to meet any one who thinks well of me, to tell him

that you have a special mes-sage from me to him, and the message is an earnest request of him to take it upon himself, on the day of election, to see to it that all of his neighbors go to the polls. I am never afraid of a man who goes to the polls. It is the man who stays at home of whom I have fear. The Republicans have about a certain and fixed number of votes, and they poll them. The Democrats have a large "stayhome" contingent. When the most of that contingent stays at home we are beaten. When they go to the polls we are victorious; and the nearer we come to getting them all to the polls the greater our victory. The result then depends up-on this "stayhome" contin-gent, and I know of no means better calculated to get them to the polls than a good township committee. The "stay-at-homes" do not mean to do wrong. It is not their purpose to bring bad government upon them-selves and injury to their country by absenting them-selves from the polls. Their indifference, or absence, often arises from the belief that there will be enough at the polls without them, and that they may well stay at home to look after some house-hold or farm affairs. They only need to be seen and told of the possible results of their absence and urged to be present; and, in cases of the aged, the infirm, and the poor who live at a distance from the polls, and are with-out conveyances of their own, should be sent for and car-ried to the polls. I repeat this is peculiarly the work of the precinct committees, and work that they may do very effectively without the expenditure of any money and with but little labor.

It is only necessary to ex-ercise proper care in the selection of the township committeemen. Men should be selected who *will* do the work they are appointed to do, and they should be scat-tered over the district, so some one of the committeemen will be able to look after the "stay-at-home" voters. Each committeeman, will, in this way, have but a small territory to look after; and he can quietly and at his leisure, make a memorandum first of all the voters in his division, and on the day of election by a little effort he can have them at the polls. This is the quiet, but *effect-ive* work of a campaign; and, I repeat, that my special friends will put me under renewed obli-gations to them by devot-ing themselves especially to this work.

As a newspaper man has good opportunities to see and talk to the people, I write to you to beg you to urge this upon them when you have the opportunity of doing so. In fact, I may add that it is a work in which all may well and profitably engage.

I have referred to my partic-ular friends of 1880 only be-cause I am anxious that they shall work much harder now than they did then. With the splendid canvass that will be made by the distin-guished Captain who heads the ticket and his scores of able Lieutenants and aids, with good organization pend-ing the canvass and good work on the day of election a victory will be achieved that will bring gladness to the hearts of every lover of good government.

Faithfully yours,  
THOS. J. JARVIS.

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